

THE CIMARRON NEWS AND PRESS

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EDITORIAL

The Albuquerque Evening Citizen in a recent issue published an article entitled "The Blackest Blot on Our Civilization," by Minnie Madder-Fiske. The article reflects the author's views on vivisection, the cruelties of trapping and conditions in the cattle raising sections of the country.

DELIVERED COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

Hon. H. J. Hagerman, former governor of the territory, delivered the commencement address before the graduating class of Colorado college on Wednesday, June 12.

He discussed the opportunity of the college man in the public life of the United States and the need for honest men of high ideals and trained intelligence in directing the affairs of the nation. The address was an inspiration to the man who has dared to have ideals in this day of "practical politics," and to the man who cares for good government and hopes for better, cleaner conditions in American public life.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT INVITED TO CARLSBAD

The managers of the Carlsbad irrigation celebration, to be held July 3 and 4, have sent to President Roosevelt by special messenger a silver tablet bearing an invitation to the celebration. The messenger is F. G. Tracy.

The invitation is engraved on a solid silver plate, five by seven inches in size, and sets forth the objects of the celebration—the commemoration of the first delivery of water in the southwest from irrigation works constructed under the provisions of the act of congress, approved June 17, 1902.

NEW CHAIR CARS FOR THE SANTA FE

The new chair cars on the Santa Fe now being delivered to the system have attracted much favorable attention. They are neat in appearance and sanitary and their chief improvement is the electric lighting system. Long lines of handsome electric globes directly above the car seats on either side supply the illumination, the regular in the rear of the car being so arranged that half or all the lights may be turned on. The current is supplied by a motor attached directly to the car axle. One ingenious feature is a light on each side of the vestibule of the car which is turned on by opening the outside door and extinguished by the closing of the door.

"The company is gradually doing away with the gas illumination," said a Santa Fe man last night. "With the elimination of the gas tank under the car the chance of fire in a wreck is practically eliminated. The car heaters are so arranged that if turned completely upside down it is practically impossible for the coal to escape. In a wreck it is nearly impossible to keep the gas pipes or tanks from bursting or springing a leak. The electricity eliminates this danger. Further, while the electric equipment for a chair car costs about \$750, it is cheaper than the gas. The gas is quite likely to leak at all times slightly and generally makes a slight odor in the car."

The new chair cars are as comfortable as can be found in the west. Sixty-three have just been made for the company.

FAITHFUL WIFE TAKES RE-MAINING TO LAST RESTING PLACE

Albuquerque N. M.—The remains of James B. Billingslea, a prospector who with his companion, William McLaughlin, was shot and killed in the Manzano mountains, about thirty miles from Belen, N. M., on September 29, last year, were brought to Albuquerque a few days ago by A. Borders, an undertaker, who left here Thursday morning to secure the body.

Mrs. Billingslea, widow of the murdered prospector, who has been working in the Trinidad office of the Colorado Telephone company since the date her husband's murderers were sentenced to death, arrived in the city this afternoon from Trinidad on the limited. She at once made arrangements to have the remains taken to their old home in Warrensburg, Mo., tonight for final interment.

DEATH OF MRS. BOGGS.

Wife of the Late Thomas C. Boggs, Early Pioneer, Once Residents of Springer, Passes Away at Clayton, N. M.

Connected with the very early history of New Mexico, and an associate of such men as Kit Carson, Maxwell, Jesus G. Abreu and "Uncle Dick" Wooten, was the late Thomas C. Boggs, who died a number of years ago at Clayton. For many years Thomas C. Boggs and his family lived in Springer, leaving here about fourteen years ago. Mrs. Boggs died last week at the home of her daughter at Clayton, and the Clayton Citizen of June 7th, says:

"Mrs. Remaldo Boggs, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Clayton, died Thursday morning at 5:42, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. F. I. Burch, aged 75 years, 1 month and 17 days.

Mrs. Boggs has been failing in health all year and Wednesday afternoon her heart action became weak and refusing to respond to all stimulants finally ceased, snapping the silver chord of life.

Requiem mass was sung this morning at 9 o'clock at the Catholic church for the repose of the soul. The funeral services were held at 2:30 this afternoon at the church conducted by Rev. Father Dumarest and the remains were interred in the Clayton cemetery. The floral offerings were many and beautiful and showed the love and esteem in which the departed was held by her hosts of friends and acquaintances.

Mrs. Boggs' life history is so closely allied to that of the history of the territory that it cannot fail to be of interest. Born in 1832 in the picturesque little Mexican Pueblo of Toas, in the northern part of the territory, she grew to womanhood surrounded by the pine clad Rockies and her dear native people until, in her fifteenth summer a young man, who had come west in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company and who having fallen in with Kit Carson was scouting along the old Santa Fe trail, stopped at the little village, met Miss Remaldo Luna, who soon became Mrs. Thomas C. Boggs. Soon after her marriage occurred the "Bent Massacre" in which Gov. Bent, then governor of Colorado, and who was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Boggs, was shot and expired in her arms.

The young people went to California and lived a number of years in Los Angeles, returning about 1876 to Las Animas, Colorado, and later locating on the Tramperos where they lived for many years bringing up the orphaned children of Kit Carson, who was also a brother-in-law.

Fourteen years since they came to Clayton, soon after which Mr. Boggs died and Mrs. Boggs has since made her home with her only child.

Mrs. Boggs was related to some of the oldest families in New Mexico, some of whom live in this county. The former Boggs home in this city is now the residence of D. A. Clouthier, the couple leaving here in about 1886.

In the death of Mrs. Boggs another is removed who was closely connected with the early history and development of northern New Mexico.

FORTUNE FROM ADVERTISING

T. J. Barrett, one of the chief proprietors of the Pears' Soap concern, which has spent \$15,000,000 in advertising, is emphatic in expressing his conviction that advertising is the best kind of commercial investment.

"I cannot understand how the question can be debated," he said. "Why the fact that advertising pays is as clearly demonstrated every day as that the sun rises. Select the proper medium, advertise intelligently, and your fortune is made.

"You must have new ideas for the changes of fashion. I spent \$630,000 in advertising in one year, and it paid as well.

Good goods, good advertising and plenty of it is my advice to ambitious commercial men."

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THE MARKSMAN

By FRANK L. POLLOCK.

Louis and Allen Wright were snow-shoeing back to the lumber camp where they worked.

As they were country-bred youths, they took to the work naturally, and Allen, although he had not yet come to his full strength, speedily developed a surprising dexterity with the ax. He could "lay" a tree within a few inches of where he desired it to fall, and had been the instrument of victory several times in lumbering matches with rival camps.

It was late in February and still bitterly cold, but the deep snow was packing and softening. In a few weeks the ice might break up, and mountains of logs were piled upon the river in readiness for the drive.

About three miles before it reached the shanty the river broke into rapids for about 30 rods before it fell tumultuously over a low ridge of rocks.

It was necessary to make a detour round this obstacle, and Allen went ashore at a cautious distance from the water. Louis, however, remained upon the ice, walking almost to the verge, and looking over into the ink stream.

"Be careful, Lou! That ice is getting rotten!" Allen shouted, from the bank.

"It's as strong as rock. Look!" answered Louis, jumping in his rackets with a heavy thud upon the snow.

He proved the reverse of what he intended. There was a dull cracking under the snow and a startled shout from the reckless snow-shoer. A great cake of ice broke off, drifting away, with Louis standing upon it. He balanced unsteadily for a moment, staggered, and plunged off with a terrified yell, going clean out of sight under the icy water.

The cake of ice drifted over the rapids and broke up. Allen had scarcely had time to move before his brother reappeared, struggling feebly, and evidently almost paralyzed by the cold immersion. By good luck he managed to catch the top of a projecting rock at the head of the fall, and there he clung, driven against the rock by the force of the current.

"Hold on a minute, Lou! I'll get you out!" screamed Allen, frantically. Louis turned a blue face toward him, without answering.

Allen could think of no plan. He shouted encouraging words without knowing what he said, while his eyes roved desperately up and down the snowy shores in search of some inspiration.

If he had only a rope, or anything to make a bridge—and then his eye fell upon a tall dead pine "stub," barkless and almost branchless, standing a few feet back from the stream.

It was long enough to reach to the imperiled youth, if it could be felled so accurately as to lie close beside him. But a foot or two above or below him would make it useless, and to aim too closely would be to run a deadly risk of crushing the boy under the falling trunk.

By a queer vagary of his excited brain he remembered William Tell and the apple. He would have to perform a somewhat similar feat of marksmanship; but it was the only chance that he could think of. He plunged through the snow for his ax, walled back to the dead stub, and began to chop.

In the need for action his nerves grew suddenly cool. The feat was a more delicate one than he had ever attempted, and his brother's life hung upon his steadiness of nerve and muscle. But he cut quietly and without haste. The great yellow chips flew, and a wide notch grew in the trunk.

In a few moments he shifted to the other side, cut another notch, and sighted for the probable direction of the fall of the stub.

It was the critical moment. He sighted again most carefully, and cut out a few small chips here and there. The stub tottered. It was standing poised upon a thin edge of uncut wood, and he stood behind it and pushed, cautiously, and then heavily.

The tall trunk wavered, and the fibers snapped loudly. It hesitated, bowed, and Allen leaped away from the butt. Down came the pine, roaring through the air.

It crashed into the water with a mighty wave and splash that hid boy and rock, and Allen had a moment of horrified belief that his brother had been crushed under it. A moment later he saw that Louis was unhurt. But the tree had actually grazed the rock. It had fallen within eight inches of the boy's body.

It made a perfect bridge as it lay, but in his nervous reaction Allen was almost too shaky to walk the trunk and pull his brother out. He did it, although how he got him to land he never quite knew. Louis was almost unconscious, and his wet clothes froze instantly into a mass of ice.

He would certainly have lapsed into sleep and died, but Allen piled the pine chips about the stump and had a fire blazing in a few seconds. The dry stump burned like pitch, producing a furnace-like heat; and Allen partly undressed his brother and rubbed him hard with snow. Under this heroic treatment Louis came back to painful consciousness, and the fierce heat from the pine did the rest. But it was several hours before he was able to resume the tramp, and it was dark when they reached the shanty.—Youths' Companion.

As the Evolutionist Figures It. Impudence becomes sang froid after its possessor has about \$100,000.

THE RATON

AND COLFAX COUNTY

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